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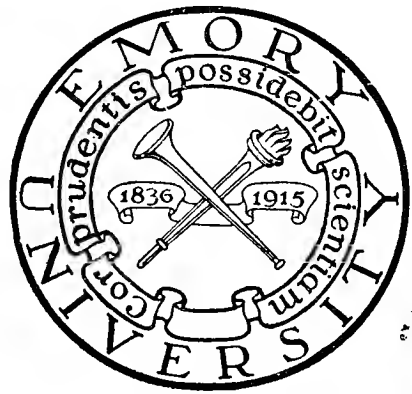

A BRIEF HISTORY

OF THE

MILITARY CAREER

OF

CARPENTER'S BATTERY

FROM ITS ORGANIZATION AS A RIFLE COMPANY
UNDER THE NAME OF THE ALLEGHANY
ROUGHS TO THE ENDING OF THE
WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

BY

C. A. FONERDEN

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VIRGINIA
SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

This Epitomized History
of
Carpenter's Battery,

WRITTEN FIFTY YEARS FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, IS RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated to its Surviving Members,

AND TO ALL RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF THE BRAVE AND TRUE MEN, OF BOTH THE LIVING AND THE DEAD, WHO WERE MEMBERS OF THIS ORGANIZATION, WHICH MAINTAINED ITS REPUTATION AS A FIGHTING BATTERY IN THE OLD STONEWALL BRIGADE IN THE GREAT ARMY OF LEE AND JACKSON OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA FROM MANASSAS OF 1861 TO APPOMATTOX OF 1865, BY ITS AUTHOR

C. A. FONERDEN.

WAR IS HELL!

By C. A. FONERDEN.

When Stonewall Jackson charged the lines
In battle's red array,
The streaming blood, like mingling wines,
Would flow upon that day:
And when his bristling bayonets' thrust
Was rushed against the foe,
Unto that bloody day needs must
Come havoc, death, and woe!

We've seen his blazing muskets pour
Their shrieking missiles forth;
We've heard his thundering cannons' roar
In battles South and North;
We've been along the seething front,
Where death and hell were wrought
In helping there to bear the brunt,
Where Stonewall Jackson fought.

We've heard the bones of comrades crash;
We've seen their flesh and blood
Bestrew the ground when came the clash
Of some death-dealing thud;
We've heard the piteous prayers and groans
Of torn and mangled men,
Whose agonizing, dying moans
Made Hell within us then!

On that red day when first led he
Our old Stonewall Brigade
Through proud Manassas' victory
What deathless fame was made:
Fame that shall hold its lustre bright
In deeds so glory fraught,
Which crowned with victory every fight
That Stonewall Jackson fought.

But, "War is Hell," as Sherman said,
Which Stonewall Jackson knew,
Whose fierce guns painted it more red
While he was passing through.
Angels of Peace, what sights ye saw,
What havoc was there wrought
In that incessant Hell of war,
Where Stonewall Jackson fought!

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CARPENTER'S BATTERY.

CHAPTER I.

NAME, NUMBERS, AND FIRST SERVICE.

A company composed heterogeneously of civil engineers, railroad contractors, construction employees, mountaineers, farmers and country school boys was organized in Covington, Virginia, on the 20th day of April, 1861, voting itself the name of, and being thereafter until after the first battle of Manassas, known as "The Alleghany Roughs," numbering at date of organization 82 or 83 members, rank and file; but the entire enrollment of which during the war, from volunteer recruits, conscriptions, and assignments, would make a grand total of a probable membership of 150.

Could an accurately detailed account of this company be written it would prove it to have been from beginning to end with few equals and no superiors for valorous, arduous, and continuous service, from the glory-emblazoned first battle of Manassas, in which it bore so conspicuous a part, to the sorrowful culmination at Appomattox, where its existence so bravely ended.

Its services were tendered to Governor Letcher, of Virginia, on April 21, 1861, and it was enrolled in the service of the State that day as an infantry or rifle company, its officers then being Thompson McAllister, Captain; Joseph Carpenter, 1st Lieutenant; George McKendree, 2d Lieutenant; and H. H. Dunot, 2d Lieutenant, Jr.

A few days later it was conveyed to Staunton, Virginia, by wagon train as far as Jackson River, and from there on by railroad—the Virginia Central of that day. Remaining in Staunton two or

three days, awaiting orders, these came from Governor Letcher, duly, for us to return to Covington to be uniformed and drilled preparatory for being regularly mustered into service a week or two later at Harper's Ferry. At the latter rendezvous it was made Company A of the 27th Regiment of the 1st Virginia Brigade of Infantry, which won by its courage and prowess of invincible qualities on the first Manassas battle field the proud and imperishable name of the "Stonewall Brigade."

It will be seen from the date of the organization of this rifle company of Alleghany Roughs, and from its having so early entered into active service of the State, at Harper's Ferry, that its claim for recognition among the very first volunteer troops of the Confederate Army is indisputable.

Upon the assembling of a few thousand half armed, and less uniformed, boy soldiers at Harper's Ferry, the 1st Virginia Brigade was formed, consisting of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33d Virginia Regiments, having for its first commander Colonel Thomas J Jackson, subsequently the renowned "Stonewall Jackson."

After the destruction of the United States arsenal there, and the burning of the great bridge then spanning the Potomac River at that point, by our troops, this 1st Virginia Brigade was maneuvered about, above and below Martinsburg until it came to its little initial fight at Falling Waters, in which gallant little action those few of the Brigade actually engaged, sustaining no loss themselves, except the slight wounding of one or two, nevertheless inflicted considerable loss on the enemy, in this beginning of what may be called its fighting career.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

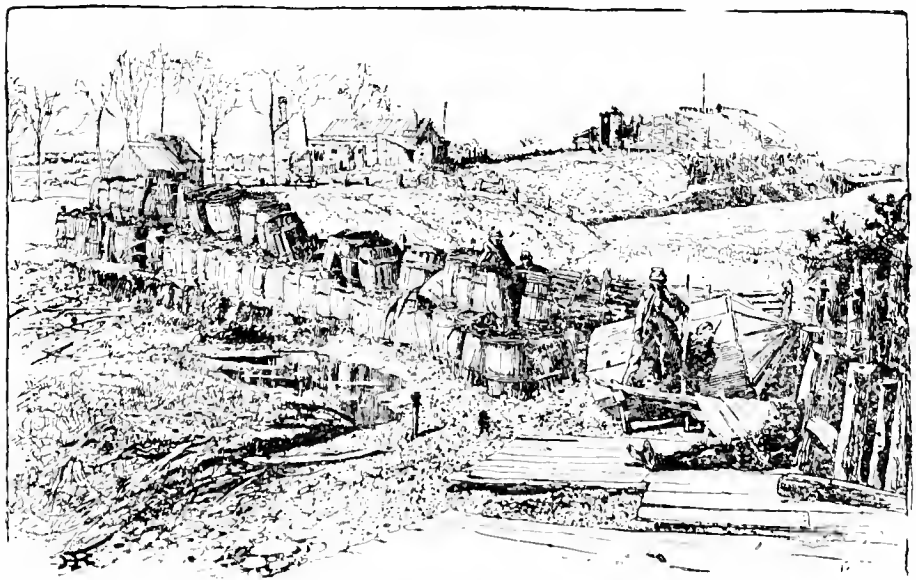
Soon after that baptismal escapade, and after confronting Pattison's greatly superior numbers for a necessary period of maneuvering before that redoubtable general's attempted or threatened advance upon us, General Johnston's little army, including our old brigade, was double-quicked, for the greater part of the entire distance, from the Valley of Virginia over to Manassas Junction, where General Beauregard was closely confronting, in line of battle, the superbly equipped and largely outnumbering army of the Federals, under the chief command and leadership of the over-confident General Winfield Scott.

On Sunday morning, July 21, 1861, our brigade was ordered to double-quick for about five miles to the extreme left, as it then was, of our line of battle, running that distance like panting dogs with flopping tongues, with our mouths and throats full of the impalpable red dust of that red clay country, thirsting for water almost unto death, and worn and weary indescribably, we were there halted to prepare for action, being made to lie down flat upon our faces in an old field fronting a body of pine woods, in which nerve-racking position we endured a deadly shelling and bombardment from both artillery and infantry for two and a half blood-curdling and agonizing hours, amid the groaning and moaning of our wounded and dying, which attested at every volley of the muskets and booming of the artillery that deadly execution was being done. In further attestation that havoc was being then played upon us, I will relate my witnessing that the two companions on my immediate right were wounded

while the three immediately on my left were also badly wounded, the vagaries of battle leaving me in their midst, a little later to arise, unharmed and untouched by bullet or shell, or the fragments of an exploded caisson, which had done unusual wounding and killing in our company.

At the end of that fierce two and a half hours of lingering upon our faces, and awaiting the assault being prepared for us, while the death dealing artillery was advancing closer and closer and the slaughtering infantry was just ready to pounce upon us, that most opportune and eagerly desired command rang out, "Make ready, fire, and charge bayonets," from Gen. Jackson whose whole brigade until that moment had been moored to its prone position immovable and imperturbable like a stone-wall in very reality. Instantly we sprang bolt upright upon our feet, right into their startled and surprised faces, and such a dare-devil countercharge of ghosts in gray, as we must have appeared to those charging and unsuspecting hosts in blue was too audacious and too unearthly to be withstood. So back, pell-mell over their heaps of dead and dying, they were hurled and scattered, dismayed and routed beyond any hope of rallying. On and on precipitately and uncontrollably they fled utterly vanquished, while all that dreadful field of blood, with its countless dead and dying men, and groaning horses, its abandoned artillery and small arms, of guns and sabres and other equipment of war was ours by right of conquest and possession; the full fruitage of a dearly bought victory, but all the more glorious for its incalculable cost of blood and life to the rag-tag volunteers of our first Confederate army.

Every Confederate soldier who fought upon that



Loan of cut by Courtesy of Baltimore Sun.

Some of General Beauregard's Defenses at or about Manassas Junction

field on that blood-red Sunday, and witnessed therefrom the tumultuous and thunderous charge of the Stonewall Brigade at that supreme moment of the wavering of the extreme left wing of our army, and saw the consternation it produced in the enemy's lines must either willingly, cheerfully, and gratefully, or grudgingly and reluctantly concede the victory of that great first battle of Manassas, beyond the least shadow of doubt, to the timely and glorious work of the Stonewall Brigade. It must also be said that without doubt the entire left wing of our army contributed its full share of valor and decisive work. Indeed, without its timely and heroic aid we could not have had our extraordinary opportunity, and there is glory enough in that wonderful and crowning victory for us all to have a large share to be proud of, and pardonably so. Nevertheless, it is an incontrovertible fact that the supreme sledge-hammer blows of the Stonewall Brigade, at the decisive moment they were given, and the manner of their giving, won for the Confederate cause that day that magnificent victory.

But we are to particularize more as to the action of the Alleghany Roughs, or Company A of the 27th Virginia Regiment of the Stonewall Brigade, in that, its first battle. Before the final charge was made by this brigade its position was about as follows: the 33d Regiment was on our left, and also the 2d Regiment; the 4th and 27th were in the center, and just to the left of the battle-famed Henry House, while the 5th was to the right. Before the other regiments had received or heard the command to charge, the 33d had made a separate forward movement, through the need of its independent help to other troops then engaged on the extreme left, and had done a deadly work

among the cannoneers and horses of the two batteries in our immediate front, but sustaining at that point itself a very heavy loss, and being hotly pressed by reinforcements of the enemy's infantry it was compelled to retreat, along with the other regiments on that extreme left. Then it was that the 4th and the 27th were ordered to charge, the 4th at that alignment was immediately in front of the 27th. But when the charge bayonets command was given, and after starting to the front, under some unaccountable misapprehension of orders the 4th regiment halted and again laid down. Thereupon, Captain Thompson McAllister of Co. A, 27th Regiment, seeing the confusion, learning the cause, and believing that no such order to halt and lie down had been given, took upon himself to shout out vehemently that General Jackson's order was to charge bayonets, saying which and flourishing his sword, he commanded his own company to forward, fire, and charge bayonets. His order being obeyed with alacrity, and our moving at once, the other companies of the 27th also catching its meaning and themselves pushing to the front before the 4th could correct its mistake, placed Company A and the entire 27th Regiment in front of the 4th, and in very short order among the guns of Ricketts' Battery This in connection with the general charge of our rallied troops on the left, including the 33d and 2d Regiments of our brigade, put out of service the guns before us, some of which Company A of the 27th Regiment captured and passed on to the front in hot pursuit of the fleeing enemy.

In substantiation of this claim, that the Alleghany Roughs, or Company A of the 27th Virginia Regiment, captured some of the guns of that renowned Ricketts' Battery, I will relate a personal incident.

When our company, or some of it, including myself rushed in amongst the then silenced guns, whose captain, Ricketts, was lying there badly wounded among a considerable number of his killed and wounded, with his horses probably all dead, a Lieutenant Ramsey of that battery, who was secreted behind a caisson, becoming either panic-stricken a moment after we had passed him, or conceiving the idea that he could then escape to his retreating comrades, arose to his feet and undertook to run the gauntlet through a small group of our company. He being just beyond my reach in an instant my musket, with the old-fashioned load of ball and buckshot, was leveled at him, but before I could fire, in the good fortune, as I have always deemed it, of some unusual tardiness on my part, a comrade just in my rear, named William Fudge, fired with point blank aim, instantly killing the lieutenant, whose fine sword our Sergeant Thomas Rosser secured, while William Fudge, who fired the fatal shot, secured his blanket, upon which was inscribed the name Lt. Ramsey (initials now forgotten) of the 1st New York State Artillery This incident, together with the facts leading up to it, namely, our being amongst those guns and, later, far beyond them in pursuit of the flying enemy, with no Confederate soldiers in our front, puts it beyond cavil that the Alleghany Roughs were the actual capturers of the Ricketts Battery, either whole or in part. Others there are who are claimants of this honor, but as there were two batteries captured at that time and place, the claim of others may rest upon this fact, and may be allowed, as to the other battery; but what is here related of the part herein taken by the Alleghany Roughs is of easy and absolute authentification, there being many living

witnesses of all this, after the lapse of fifty years. Besides this, those captured guns were turned and trained upon the enemy by our First Lieutenant, Joseph Carpenter, a former artillery cadet under the tutorage of Stonewall Jackson at the Virginia Military Institute, with the help of others. Moreover, at the time of our charge into the Ricketts Battery our second Lieutenant, Jr., H. H. Dunot, of Wilmington, Delaware, was captured, and carried along with the routed enemy. He is said to have been the first Confederate officer captured in the Civil War, and the first to escape from a Northern prison—the old Capitol in Washington—and rejoin his command. Some friendly ladies in Washington, visiting him in prison, fitted him out in female attire, in which disguise he escaped. But, alas! just before our brilliant little battle at Kernstown, Virginia, he was stricken with typhoid fever and died in a country house near Kernstown.

Before quitting this account of that first, and so all-important, battle of Manassas, and our charge into Ricketts' Battery, we will relate how we fought our way against and at some points actually into the first Michigan Regiment, the flag of which was captured by James Glenn of our company, whose name was inscribed upon it when it was sent to Richmond. Our charging into that fine fighting command made a very close and stubborn contest between us, of a very sanguinary nature too, with fixed bayonets and clubbed guns in the end. Our difficult and dangerous work of trying to persuade them to quit the field was indeed hard of accomplishment, and cost us scores of lives, but we did finally put them to rout, and our victory, because of its disastrous results, was thereby the greater, and, in war terms, the more highly honorable. At

Loan of cut by Courtesy of Baltimore Sun.

The Stone House, probably the first Field Hospital of the Civil War, it being used at the time of battle, July 21st. 1861 by the Federal Army

that time, or only a few moments later, what may be termed the slaughter of a regiment, or battalion of red-breeched Zouaves from Brooklyn, New York, immediately in front of the 27th Regiment, was a clear case, on their part, of self-imposed butchery. They had charged us to most uncomfortable nearness, pouring upon us their deadly fire, while their own loss was so great in actual dead it has often been said, one could walk on their dead bodies over a space of several acres without touching a foot upon the ground. That sight indeed was a dreadful one, and rendered ten-fold more conspicuous by the glittering of their bright red uniforms in the gleaming sun of that hot July. Those who have never witnessed the horrifying effect of the burning sun upon the corpse of a human being, such as scorched those arid plains at that time, have been spared a most pitiable and lamentable sight. Under such conditions a corpse is swollen to double or treble its natural size, becoming black and defaced beyond all recognition, while the odor emanating from it is the most intolerable stench that could possibly burden and distress one's olfactories. What then would be the sight of these by the hundreds or thousands! Well is it that imagination fails us here. Only the eye beholding it can give its horrors place and remembrance in our minds.

Our readers may remember into what prominence came the old Henry House in that first battle of Manassas, and I will be permitted thereby I trust to relate this circumstance concerning the death of an old lady in that house during that battle, who was killed in her bed by the grape or canister of the guns of Ricketts' Battery In the beautiful lawn, or lot, of that historic house, which was literally riddled with shot and shells and minie balls

in that deadly strife of the 21st day of July 1861, is now well preserved, and handsomely adorned with shrub and vine and the wild ivy blossom, a grave at the head of which stands a large white marble slab, the inscription of which reads as follows:

> "The grave of our dear mother, Judith Henry; killed near this spot by the explosion of shells in her dwelling, during the battle of the 21st of July, 1861. When killed she was in her eighty-fifth year, and confined to her bed by the infirmities of age. She was the daughter of Landon Carter, Sr., and was born within a mile of this place. Her husband, Dr. Isaac Henry, was a surgeon in the United States Navy, on board the frigate Constellation, commanded by Commodore Truxton, one of the six surgeons appointed by Washington in the organization of the Navy, 1794. Our mother through her long life, thirty-five years of which were spent at this place, was greatly loved and esteemed for her kind, gentle, and Christian spirit."

That inscription, of course, gives the correct account of the killing of this estimable old lady, which has been given in many incorrect and incomprehensible ways. Captain Ricketts has declared that he did train his guns upon the Henry House, and completely riddled it, he being informed that it was filled, at that time, with Confederate sharp-shooters.

The loss of the Alleghany Roughs in that great battle was 6 killed outright and 16 wounded.

CHAPTER III.

NEW CAPTAIN, NEW NAME, AND NEW GUNS.

Sometime in the early days of August, our brave and revered Captain, Thompson McAllister, a native of Pennsylvania, being then about fifty years of age, was compelled, on account of ill health, to resign his commission and return to his home in Alleghany County, Virginia, the rigors of our incessant drilling, in the blazing sun on those red clay plains about Centerville, and exposures incident to the hardships of camp life, rendering his health still more feeble, and beyond his ability to withstand such arduous duties. His detection and quick correction of the misapprehended order on the battlefield, at so opportune a moment, as related above; his splendid leadership of his company, at that time; and his personal exhibition of such heroic conduct had endeared him to his men, or boys, as the greater part of us were then; and, although he has so long since passed into the restful shade of the trees beyond the river, his memory is still held in highest reverence by all who followed his leadership and who survive him.

At his resignation the captaincy devolved upon our First Lieutenant, Joseph Carpenter, of whom we have said, he was an artillery cadet under General Jackson of the 1858 class at the Virginia Military Institute. And it is probably because of this, that when General Jackson was assigned to the independent command of the Valley of Virginia, our company was converted into artillery, thenceforth to be called Carpenter's Battery. It was then sent, by request of General Jackson, at once to the Valley of Virginia to equip and drill for active field service,

with himself. This was before the Stonewall Brigade, as a whole, was transferred to him from General Johnston's army, for the valley service; and, therefore, as we proudly claimed, was the more highly complimentary to us. Later, however, when the old brigade was, as a whole, assigned to the same valley service to the army of General Jackson, the camping, marching, and fighting of Carpenter's Battery were always thereafter done with it, which fact, added to that of our former membership with it, as infantry, gave us the name of the Stonewall Artillery, although in justice to our sister battery—the Rockbridge Artillery—which fought so masterfully with the old brigade at the first battle of Manassas, and for a considerable time subsequently, it too belonged to that old "Stonewall" aggregation, and its history, throughout the war, is a counterpart of our own.

After reaching the Valley of Virginia, with headquarters near Winchester, we, a little later, received our guns—four 6 pounders, smooth-bore iron things made at the Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond, Virginia. At these alleged cannon enough fun was poked by our jolly boys, and all others too who saw them, to make many columns of facetiæ for a comic newspaper for many editions; but, dear friends, kindly await subsequent proceedings, and you will discover that those funny little guns were sure-enough and true-blue shooters, which made a name and goodly fame for Carpenter's Battery at the tight and bloody little battle of Kernstown, and after that until they were exchanged for more modern weapons of death.

CHAPTER IV

THE ROMNEY CAMPAIGN.

After very considerable irksome drilling and other tedious preparation until January 1, 1862, we made our renowned march to Romney, Virginia, that freezing and starvation escapade which gave General Jackson so hard a name for cruelty and merciless unconcern for his men. On that expedition, in the coldest winter of the war, with insufficient clothing and scarcely anything to eat, or as our boys would say, "With nothing to eat and nothing to drink with it," so frightfully frozen and slippery were the roads that our cannoneers, assisted by infantry in many cases, had to help the poor starved and shivering horses to pull even those comparatively light little guns up the steep hills and over the mountain roads, and not even a Hannibal crossing the Alps ever had a harder task as then had the soldiers of Stonewall Jackson's army. On reaching the Potomac in front of Hancock, Maryland, we made a feint as if to attack that town, our object being to deceive thereby and render more probable the capture of Gen. Kelly in Romney Before Hancock that night with the thermometer away below zero we were forbidden to kindle any fires lest the enemy should discover the paucity of our numbers and our position; and our close proximity to freezing was painfully and dangerously apparent. It is probable that the hard work we endured in helping our emaciated, half-starved horses to perform their onerous labors on the march kept many of us from being frozen stark and stiff there and then, and it is well known that our stealing the hard corn from the meagre allow-

ance to those equally starved beasts of burden did actually keep alive many who otherwise would have perished from the intense cold and gnawing hunger of that unprecedented time. It is the truth purely and absolutely that a goodly part of that little army went three whole days and nights without a morsel to eat, our first breaking of the long and deadly fast being by means of that hard, dry corn allotted to our horses and mules.

Finally, on reaching Romney we found General Kelly and his army had incontinently flown, but we captured in his abandoned camps a momentary plentitude of white Yankee beans, and it will not be a very great mental strain for anyone to imagine that we, in our genuine, heartfelt gratitude deemed that particular provender, at that particular time, angel cake, and their delicious concoction into soup was precious nectar and ambrosia. Before the war this deponent was so dainty and so small an eater that his good mother thought he was in a ruinous decline. But after he had associated with Stonewall Jackson's wolfish army a few weeks, on the Loudoun Heights, at Harper's Ferry, his decline was in the nature of refusing nothing thereafter in the name and nature of food for man or beast, and that war-inspired appetite abides with him unto this day That unparalleled marching and starving to Romney and return made our mother tongue lash General Jackson very bitterly, and it is an undisputed fact that many a South Carolinian and Georgian fell and perished by the wayside in that campaign, but all that, with all it implied, belonged to the Stonewall curriculum, and its matriculates were thus made ready for the rigors and battle-scars of our four years of war, and I verily believe the glory won and worn thereby is ample compensation to

the soldier of Stonewall Jackson's incomparable army. Yes, to have fought with that army, and to have shared in its splendid victories and gigantic achievements, gives us pride which we trust is as pardonable as it is glorious.

CHAPTER V

OUR FIRST ARTILLERY FIGHT

On reaching the Virginia Valley again we made a long and tortuous march up the old pike, and were as speedily hurried down it again, in a tramp of 31 miles in one day, that we might make ready to meet the army of General Shields at Kernstown. There on March 23d, we had our first artillery fight, and there, with those little insignificant old 6-pounder Tredegar guns, Carpenter's Battery won distinction, which it maintained without decrease to the bitter end of our great war. Our first shot was witnessed, from a nearby position, by General Jackson, who upon seeing it crash through the door of an old barn crowded with Federal soldiers, and scatter them pell-mell to the four winds, passionately exclaimed, "Good, good," greatly to the pride and joy of all present on that memorable occasion of our battery baptism. From that position we continued firing until the enemy was driven from our front, when we were advanced to the extreme left of our line, there at once becoming hotly engaged and doing fine execution throughout the action, until, just at nightfall, when overpowering numbers in the act of capturing our entire little army of less than 3,000 all told, forced us to cease firing and make our escape to the rear, on the southern edge of that hotly contested battle field. There we halted and cooked our rations and fitfully slept until the dawning of another day, in doing which, right in the face of the enemy, and they declining to pursue us with their vastly superior numbers, our inflicting upon them such terrible loss, and having ourselves suffered so severely, has always been

considered by every Confederate soldier who participated in that engagement a splendid victory for General Jackson, who so signally accomplished his purpose in detaining and holding so large an army of Union soldiers in the Valley, the release of which had been planned by, and was of so much importance to, the Washington authorities for the purpose of attacking Richmond.

As our company in the first battle of Manassas, then infantry, had so distinguished itself, without any previous experience in the use of its old army muskets and bayonets; so there, in that fierce and glorious little battle of Kernstown, as artillery, without ever before having fired a shot from our 6-pounder Tredegars, we won a proud and lasting name, and above all, the openly attested approval of that greatest of artillerists—Stonewall Jackson, in person.

But in all the desperate work, in close and long contested quarters, our battery suffered no loss in killed. Our guns, limbers, and caissons, however, and the clothing and accouterments of our cannoneers liberally bore the marks and wounds of the frightful assault.

CHAPTER VI.

THE McDOWELL AND VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

With only a short respite off again marched our little army up the Valley, and camped at White's Gap on top of the Blue Ridge, and on again by way of Mechum's River, on the Virginia Central R. R., and through Staunton to McDowell where, in a severe little encounter, we won another victory in short order. In this affair our battery was under hot fire, though not actually engaged. The enemy was driven to Franklin, in Pendleton County, where on Sunday, while engaged in divine service we were fired into with such vigor and precision as to compel our quitting worship to make ready for the Devil's work of killing people. Our worthy foes, however, practicing discretion in lieu of valor, decamped before us again, and declining to continue the chase after them we started on the back track the following day for our old Valley of Virginia stamping ground, to meet General Banks at Winchester, which was accomplished on May 25, 1862, resulting in his being driven into and out of that town after a stubborn resistance in a considerable battle, in which our company lost 2 killed and 5 wounded.

Pursuing him closely we rushed on with the old Stonewall Brigade, then commanded by General Charles Winder, of Maryland, than whom no commander ever led it so well and effectually, of all its brigadiers, except the first—the inimitable, unapproachable, original Stonewall Jackson.

On reaching Charles Town, in hot pursuit, our battery went through the main street of the town, ahead of any skirmish line or scouts of cavalry or

infantry, firing by echelon straight and continuously through the town at the flying enemy, and the proof was given of our good and accurate shooting in that we kept the line of the street and neither demolished nor marred any house or building on either side. That running fire of our gunners was kept up from one end of the town to the other, from where the Berryville pike intercepts it to the extreme northern limit. And while we were thus engaged in charging, and, we may say, winning a battle of our own independently of infantry or cavalry help, to prove furthermore how Confederate artillery sometimes operated, it may be related here that while our battery was doing that independent fighting, our sister battery, the Rockbridge Artillery, commanded by Captain Poague, being then on the Berryville pike, actually captured and turned over to our old Stonewall Brigade a considerable little body of Yankee cavalry, which in the confusion of their general retreat had become isolated from its army command, and was thus made a prey of independently acting artillery

Moving on down to Hall Town, near Harper's Ferry and Bolivar Heights, we were left in that vicinity to overawe General Banks by the maneuvering of our artillery, and the Stonewall Brigade, while General Jackson, with the main body of his small army hastened back up the valley to Strasburg, upon which objective point Fremont's and Milroy's were converging to cut us off and prevent our escape to a farther and safer point up the valley. After about a day's encampment near Hall Town, we were informed that our battery and the old Stonewall Brigade were cut off entirely from General Jackson's main body, the army of General Milroy being then interposed between us. There-

upon we began a hasty retreat, with dark forebodings of consequent and inevitable capture, or utter annihilation. But, lo! our ever vigilant and always resourceful commander was not to be caught napping. He summarily dislodging the over jubilant enemy, gave us an opportunity, eagerly coveted, to slip through the meshes, so effectually laid for us, and rejoin him with palpitating hearts and greatly fatigued underpinning, though again ready and eager to shout the Rebel yell.

So with General Milroy being driven hopelessly out of our pathway, and we being again safely reunited with our old commander, we were rushed hurriedly on up the valley to Harrisonburg, with General Fremont closely following, and General Shields moving rapidly up the parallel valley of Luray, to intercept and cut us off at Port Republic.

Ewell's Division was halted at Cross Keys while General Jackson hurried on to Port Republic to supervise our crossing the two branches of the Shenandoah River there, a large covered bridge affording our only means of crossing the North Branch, and we having to improvise means to cross the South Branch, which was accomplished duly, as will presently appear.

CHAPTER VII.

CROSS KEYS AND PORT REPUBLIC.

On the 7th of June, General Fremont attacked General Ewell's small army at Cross Keys when a severe battle raged, in which the Confederate arms were signally victorious, handsomely repulsing Fremont's much larger army, with heavy loss. The morning following, June 8th, General Shields, by forced marches, had the head of his column at Port Republic and began a bombardment of our camps resting on the north side still of the North Branch. This was a very unexpected onslaught, taking us entirely unawares while we were lolling lazily all over the grassy fields, and while our horses were leisurely grazing about with their harness on. But in very short order our artillery was made ready and the men alert for duty Some confusion had ensued, in this altogether unexpected attack, but in double-quick time our battery and a portion of two other batteries were placed in position along the high river banks of the river front, commanding the south side, and we very soon silenced the guns of Shields' cavalry completely. In evidence of the suddenness of General Shields's attack upon us, and our unpreparedness at that moment, it is only necessary to state that their advance had actually captured the bridge over the North River branch and had placed at its mouth an artillery guard, while his troops were in possession of the village of Port Republic, in which General Jackson personally was, between the two rivers, literally cut off from his army on the north side, though he daringly, or, as he would have said, providentially, escaped through the bridge, held then by the enemy, thus rejoining

his command and ordering us to march at once to the south side of both branches of the river, to meet the main advancing army of General Shields, which was then rapidly endeavoring to concentrate in our front, to prevent our passage of the river, to the south side. When our entire army had passed over the North Branch, through the bridge, that means of passage was at once destroyed by fire, by order of General Jackson, to prevent General Fremont from following us closely and attacking our rear, and then improvising a pontoon bridge, by running wagons into the South Branch River, and stretching boards from one to another of these wagons entirely across the stream, our infantry was soon safely conveyed to the south side, and moved with dispatch down the river to confront General Shields's main body, which after a hot and bloody fight was completely routed with great loss. In the artillery duel from the north bank of the North Branch we suffered no casualties in our battery, but in the fierce fight on the south side with the main army of Shields, at very close quarters in the open wheat fields we were nearly demolished by an opposing 6-gun battery located in an elevated charcoal pit, though our loss in wounded proved to be only 5 men and a number of horses, while our limbers and caissons were wofully besmattered with shells and the fateful minie balls. But had not General Hayes's Louisiana Brigade, by a flank movement through a tangled body of dense woods, captured that bravely commanded battery, which it so nobly did at a very dear cost of brave men, the loss in Carpenter's Battery would undoubtedly have been doubly as great as it was, in a very little longer continuance of that deadly fire. That splendid Louisiana Brigade, in rescuing us from our perilous

position, suffered very severely itself from a continuous, raking fire of grape and canister which tore and roared through that body of undergrowth like a cyclone, or the racket of the fiercest thunder devasting a forest of timber.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARCH ON TO RICHMOND.

After this signal routing of General Shields's army, our army being again united, and ignoring for the time being Fremont and the rest of our Valley of Virginia foes we crossed over the Blue Ridge again at White's Gap and facing towards Richmond made that memorable march to the rear of General McClellan's right wing at Mechanicsville, and on to Gaines's farm where our battery again passed through a scathing fire on its victorious march.

On June 28th, it was placed in position as a target for the enemy's batteries to play upon, while old Captain Mason, General Lee's pioneer was building the pole and timber bridge across the Chickahominy, over which our army was to pass in pursuit of McClellan's retreating troops. The story of the building of that memorable bridge being worthy of repetition, I will retell it here. This Captain Mason, its builder, was so illiterate, it is said, as not to be able to read or write. He had been ordered by General Jackson the night before to call at headquarters for a plan or sketch of the bridge, which the army engineers would have completed and ready for him at daylight in the morning, so that the work might be executed accordingly at the shortest time possible. The great pioneer calling promptly upon General Jackson at the appointed time, was asked if he had been shown and given the sketch. He replied, "Gineral Jackson, I ain't seen no sketch, and don't know nothin' about no pictures, nor plans for that bridge, but that bridge is done, sir, and is ready, sir, and you can right now send your folks across on to it."

Such a man was that pioneer Mason, and such work as that he continually did, as if by magic; and we have always fully believed the truth of this story of the bridge as unimpeachable. Carpenter's Battery was placed just below that bridge building to draw the fire of the enemy's guns upon it while old Captain Mason proceeded with his work, from start to finish, without a "picture" to aid him in its construction. Indeed, and this is the self-same Captain Mason who cut a pathway through the dense undergrowth and forest shrubbery from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania Courthouse, in one night, for General Lee's entire army to pass through, which resulted in halting and thwarting the daring, dashing movement of Grant's army in its desperate attempt to turn General Lee's extreme right at that most critical point. The evidence is plain that men of the Mason type were essential to the success of the great commanders whom they thus enabled to achieve such victories.

When General Jackson's army had crossed the Chickahominy on that Aladdin constructed bridge of poles we pursued the retreating enemy on and on, with continual fighting to Malvern Hill, where in a general engagement our battery was hotly assailed for the greater part of the day, and suffered severely, losing in killed 2 and in wounded 7.

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

After that great victory of dethroning and driving General McClellan's magnificent army from its close proximity to Richmond back to the shelter of his gun boats at Harrison's Landing on the James River, with complete defeat and terrible loss, General Jackson's Corps was quickly dispatched to meet the haughty army of the boastful Pope, which was intercepted and collided with at Cedar Mountain, not far distant from Culpeper Courthouse, on August 9, 1862. In that battle Carpenter's Battery again had another conspicuous test of its staying qualities and power of execution, its work there being so well performed as to win the lavish plaudits of all the field officers who witnessed its admirable execution on that occasion. That, indeed, was a costly battle to us, our fine and noble Captain Joseph Carpenter, who, as has been heretofore stated, was an educated artillerist, under General Jackson, at the Virginia Military Institute at the beginning of our gigantic Civil War, being there mortally wounded, while our loss in others wounded was considerable. This efficient officer's conspicuous services and great popularity as a battery commander endeared him very greatly to our company, officers, and men alike, and his death occurring later was deplored beyond expression. There, too, in the midst of our booming pieces, within a few feet of the gun of which the writer hereof was gunner, that splendid and dashing commander of the Stonewall Brigade, General Charles B. Winder, was killed outright, a tremendous hole being torn in his side by a bursting shell, while our battalion

commander, Colonel R. Snowden Andrews, was similarly wounded near the spot where General Winder fell, but Colonel Andrews was not fatally wounded, his life being spared to good old age. These two officers of General Jackson's great command enjoyed the most enviable distinction for bravery and efficiency, and no officers ever led into battle their commands with finer results than did these two. Both of these honored men had in a marked degree the love and respect of Carpenter's Battery, which were as well deserved as they were gladly rendered. General Winder was killed almost instantly, his body being borne a short distance away by Colonel Andrews, myself, and one or two others, out of range of the withering musketry and cannon shots. Returning to my gun in a moment, it was but a like short time after his return from General Winder's side when Colonel Andrews received his desperate wound, tearing out his side to the full exposure of his internal structure, which necessitated ever after his wearing a large silver plate, covering his entire side until his death, which did not occur until about 1903. He was buried from the Episcopal church on Cathedral street, corner of Read, in Baltimore, quietly and unostentatiously, which sad obsequies it was my honored privilege to attend in witness of my high appreciation of his fine ability as an officer and soldier of the righteous cause for which the true Confederate fought.

Only a little while before his death General Andrews gave the author of this brief history of Carpenter's Battery an autograph letter, which it is hoped it may not be considered amiss in him to produce here, in valuable added testimony to the well earned and widely given commendation of this

company, from a source of which its every member living will be proud, and will highly prize. It is as follows:

"BALTIMORE, June 30, 1900.

To C. A. FONERDEN, ESQ.,

Late of Carpenter's Battery:

I am glad to hear of your intention to inform the public of some of the services and the great gallantry of Carpenter's Battery. You owe it to the memory of your dead comrades; to the survivors of that war for principle; to the education of the present and future generations, to put on record the brilliant actions in which you participated with your brave companions.

I was proud of the Battalion of Artillery I commanded, and it is no reflection on any other company to say, yours had no superior, and I know no one more fitted than yourself to tell the story; and the subject is enough for any writer.

Remember me to your dear old Captain * Carpenter, when you write him. Yours truly and sincerely,

R. SNOWDEN ANDREWS."

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*A brother of Joseph Carpenter, our captain, who died from the wound received at Cedar Mountain, whereupon John C. Carpenter, now living, became our captain, by promotion from Governor Letcher.

CHAPTER X.

SECOND MANASSAS BATTLE.

Our victory at Cedar Mountain, though costing dearly, was of magnificent proportions, but needing rest and rehabilitation we were moved back to Gordonsville, from which point we were very soon forwarded to the Rapidan River and became engaged in a fight at St. James' Church above Kelly's Ford, where General Early's brigade had crossed, and which rose so rapidly behind him as to cause great anxiety, lest, being thus cut off, his command should be captured by Pope before any other portion of our army could cross over to his rescue. But our heavy and continuous artillery duel across the river upon the enemy probably prevented an attack upon him. In that duel our battery lost 1 killed and several wounded. Then moving on up the river we crossed it at an unused ford, ascending the opposite bank after a rough and tedious passage, pulling our guns up with the aid of infantry, by the prolonges, and then moved as silently as possible for a few miles, and at nightfall went into camp to prepare for our hurried march of the next day through Thoroughfare Gap, at almost double quick time until we reached Broad Creek. While at that stream, watering our horses, our captain discovered a battalion of Yankee cavalry almost in our very faces, and ordered into position, on the opposite side of the creek, our two 12-pounder Napoleon guns, double shotted with canister, by means of which summary persuasion, at the moment of their thundering, the enemy fled in utter confusion, while our old Stonewall Brigade, as our rear support, was almost equally filled with conster-

nation by the booming guns, not dreaming that the enemy was so close upon us, or, in fact, anywhere near that vicinity Indeed, that old brigade of invincibles having but a moment before begun taking off their shoes and stockings, if this may be said of a very nearly sockless brigade, to wade the stream, was now seen to fly to our aid; some with one sock off and some with one shoe on, and some again in all plights of preparation for wading. The scene was truly ludicrous, despite what might have been the impending peril had our cavalry foe been as valiant as they ought to have been in meeting so small a force as one small battery. But the one volley of two shots was amply sufficient for their satisfaction in full; and so we passed on, August 27, 1862, to take possession of Manassas Junction with its tremendous stores of army and hospital supplies, munitions and implements of war, almost beyond calculation, and of unspeakable value to us.

Then and there our battery availed itself of an exchange of guns, giving up our old worn pieces for two new and spanking 12-pounder Napoleons and two English steel 10-pounder Parrotts, replacing as well our old for new limber chests and caissons, while we caparisoned proudly our dear, brave old horses with bespangled harness and all needed accouterments. Thus speedily and unhindered equipping ourselves with all that new and costly plunder, and as much as we could get away with of commissary supplies, internally and externally, only a little while elapsed before Taylor's Yankee brigade came pouncing upon us from the direction of Alexandria in the attempt to drive us away from all that immense and so highly coveted capture. How little did he know the hungry Confederate soldier!

Meantime other batteries had joined us, and a sufficient force of infantry to enable us not only to break the splendid and persistent attack of that valorous Taylor's Brigade and whatever other forces were with them, but to repulse them utterly into complete route, whereupon Carpenter's Battery was ordered to report to General Bradley T Johnson back toward Thoroughfare Gap. The following day August 28th, we were in position on the right of General Jackson's line along an unfinished railroad cut, and during the next day had frequent occasion to drive away, now a battery, and again infantry sharpshooters advancing upon that position. On the 29th, our work and experiences were much the same as on the preceding day, though at one time we were ordered to the left to assist in dispelling a fierce, determined effort to dislodge our forces from the famous deep cut where the action was tiger like for closeness and bloody ferocity There we were in action at close quarters against both artillery and infantry, and had run the gauntlet of a terrible rain of shot and shell to get there. One shot from an opposing gun wounded three of our drivers, taking both legs off one of them; the hip muscles off another; and giving the third man a bad flesh wound of the arm; at the same time killing or completely disabling the three horses on the driver's side and tearing off both wheels of the limber. In very short order our loss there was 1 man killed and 5 wounded. Then being ordered to our former position, a little later in the day a Yankee battery of six guns was pushed forward on a little knoll in close proximity where our battery was ordered to dislodge it. Maneuvering into position through a most trying ordeal of rapid and well directed firing of the enemy's guns we unlim-

bered in point blank range, and with double charges of canister gave that daring battery before us a raking fire and repeating that with fearful effect we limbered to the rear to escape similar treatment from their largely outnumbering guns, which had changed front upon us, and just as we had cleared the brow of protecting high ground a perfect avalanche of canister swept over our heads with frightful hissing and sputtering, but unfruitful of any great damage. We then returned to our old position, having done that big six gun battery a very considerable amount of havoc, and rendering it much less harmful to our infantry again in that part of the battle field. On the last day of that sanguinary field our battery was not engaged, and as the enemy was routed completely and put to full retreat upon Washington, we were hurried on to Ox Hill where the Federal General Kearney was killed in trying to rally his men. There we were sharply under fire, but not actually engaged.

CHAPTER XI.

BLOODY SHARPSBURG.

After thus disposing of Pope's army, so ingloriously to him, after his boasting so loudly of what he would do to Stonewall Jackson, our army was moved over into Maryland to the city of Frederick, and after a short respite from fighting we crossed the South Mountain to invest Harper's Ferry; Longstreet's and A. P Hill's corps being left to confront McClellan's forward movement to intercept General Lee. Our corps, Jackson's, moved by Boonsboro and Williamsport across the Potomac River; then by Martinsburg and Smithfield to Bolivar Heights, which commanded Harper's Ferry, the surrender of which town with its twelve thousand and five hundred men was very soon accomplished by the indomitable Stonewall Jackson and his invincible little army A very considerable bombardment of that besieged garrison occurred from three directions at once—from the Loudoun Heights, the Maryland Heights, and from the Bolivar Heights, the effect of which very speedily induced General Miles to surrender unconditionally The writer of these pages will here relate that he being then a gunner in Carpenter's Battery was given Hail Columbia from our captain on that occasion for firing several shots into the town after the white flag of surrender had been displayed. This was owing to his not seeing the flag, or hearing of it, and having received no order to cease firing until Captain Carpenter uttered it with his reprimand. But his censure was withdrawn the moment he learned the particulars.

Leaving a considerable body in charge of the

Harper's Ferry prisoners and captured munitions of war, General Jackson hastened to recross the Potomac River back into Maryland to reinforce General Lee, whose entire army, on that side of the river, was then engaged in heavy battle at Sharpsburg, the progress of which in the roaring artillery and frightful musketry attesting that war's havoc and butchery of the most savage kind was then in full blast and accomplishing its deadly work of destruction in all its hellishness.

Carpenter's Battery went into position on that bloody field under heavy fire first at or near the bridge crossing Antietam Creek.

Ordered to report to General Jeb Stuart for detached duty at daylight the next morning, on the extreme left of our line, we became engaged fiercely, and Captain John Carpenter was severely wounded, being entirely incapacitated for duty, his knee being crushed so badly by a shell that the synovial fluid was discharged, which the surgeons then said necessitated amputation, or should it be possible to save the leg, he could never again have any use of it. But to shorten the story of this false diagnosis and decision, Captain Carpenter did return to his company in a comparatively short time, and is living at this remote day, 1911, in good health and with the perfect use of that surgically condemned leg. From that position we were again moved to the left and rear with Stuart's cavalry, and went into action in a cornfield, where our exposure was so great that Stuart ordered us out of that position into another, within a stone's throw of the advancing enemy's full line of infantry. At the moment two of our pieces opened fire from that position we were fired into by 24 of the enemy's guns, according to their own account, and at their first on-

slaught we were almost completely demolished, our loss being so great in men and horses, that we were ordered to abandon our guns and horses and secret ourselves as best we might, but while many of our cannoneers did seek places of safety at General Stuart's order, enough of them, with our brave and daring drivers, remained to pacify the frightened horses and save the guns from capture. However the havoc there was so great that our remaining two guns were thence forward in that battle commanded by a sergeant who with his two detachments escaped capture in being ordered off the field at the last moment by General Stuart in person.

The writer again hopes it may be permissible for him to state that he was the sergeant in charge of those two guns on that occasion and a prouder day than that for him has never before or since occurred in his career—more particularly so as he believes that no other battle of the war was so fierce and bloody as was that of Sharpsburg. Without a doubt it was one of the greatest, most stubbornly contested, and most destructive of all the great battles of our war. It has been generally considered a drawn battle, of equal honors, though there can be no question of the fact that the better fighting was on the side of the Confederates, their numbers being very much less than those of the Federals. At its culmination our army crossed the Potomac River leisurely, back into Virginia as far as Winchester, and went into camp. A little later the old Stonewall Brigade and our battery were sent to Kearneysville to tear up the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad tracks, and there we had a severe little brush with the Yankees, who were present to prevent our doing so, if possible. The loss in our battery there was several wounded, but no one killed. About

that time our company was so greatly decimated by battle casualties and other war causes that another company was merged with us, namely, Cutshaw's Battery, which retained only one commissioned officer, Lieutenant David Barton, and two or three non-commissioned officers, while it gave us a large number of privates, all of whom proved themselves eminently worthy to belong to a battery which had won such distinction, and the glory of which those recruits later did so much to enhance, onward to the very end of that almost interminable war. It is a singular fact that their loss by death in action was always very great.

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

After having been thus materially recruited by that fine body of men from a sister battery, and made strong again in numbers we were soon called upon to do deadly duty at Fredericksburg, where, at Hamilton's Crossing, we were desperately assailed by the advancing columns of infantry, batteries, and sharpshooters of Burnsides's powerful army. In the end, however, we won a great victory. There we lost our brave and true Lieutenant David Barton, who had so recently joined us from the Cutshaw Battery, and two privates in killed, while another Lieutenant W T Lambie and a large number of men were wounded. After that splendid victory our battery was selected by General Jackson to remain along the Rappahannock River, where during that cold and snowy winter, we did actual picket duty, while the greater part of the artillery of our army was ordered into winter quarters. This picket duty we performed until the end of April, one half the battery alternating with the other half, when we were again sent to Fredericksburg, rejoining there our general artillery and the army and moving up to Chancellorsville to receive orders from General Jackson, after he had turned the left of Hooker's army, for us to return to Fredericksburg and report to General Early who was then being sorely pressed by General Sedgwick's corps. Our position then was almost identically the same as that we occupied in the battle with Burnsides s army on December 13th. Our Captain, John C. Carpenter, and a number of men were wounded in this battle, and one was killed. Our

Lieutenant Geo. McKendree then having been promoted to the rank of Major and assigned to General Echols's Brigade, in West Virginia, the command of the battery devolved upon Lieutenant W T Lambie who became very popular with the company, and was a fine officer. About three weeks later the army broke camp and again headed for the valley, reaching Winchester early in June, and becoming engaged in the second battle of that town our battery lost 1 man killed and 5 wounded.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

We moved next toward the Potomac River to Williamsport and crossing there went on up the Cumberland Valley to Greencastle, Pa., making a detour across the mountain to McConnellsville. There meeting bushwhackers we dislodged them with a single cannon shot and hastened back to the Cumberland Valley at Chambersburg, moving on up to Shippensburg and to Carlisle. From the latter town we turned toward Gettysburg and took position there on Culp's Hill, to the left of Cemetery Hill, in a field of rye where we took a very active part in the great battle of Gettysburg, our whole battalion of artillery, commanded by the heroic and matchless boy Major Latimer, becoming engaged, in a frightful din and roar of great destruction. From the guns immediately confronting us, and many others from a higher point near by, we were subjected to a most disastrous cannonading, as witnessed by the loss in our battery of 5 killed outright and 18 wounded, 3 of whom died before the engagement ended. Upon withdrawing later, a short distance to the rear, we buried 8 of our brave comrades in one grave. Some of our wounded were left at Gettysburg, falling into the hands of the enemy, though the greater part of them got away in the retreat of our army, some in ambulances, some in wagons, and some again on our caissons, as we recrossed the Potomac, partly on pontoon bridges, but more numerously in wading, as best could be done, back to the more friendly soil of old Virginia, and marching on up the Valley, and across the Blue Ridge at Luray, to the vicinity of Madison

Courthouse, where we encamped for a season. But soon again the enemy essaying to march "On to Richmond," our army was thrust in his front, by our crossing the Raccoon Ford of the Rappahannock River, with Jackson's old division, and our artillery battalion, under the command of General Ed. Johnson. At Payne's farm we were confronted by a large body of the enemy, said to have been a full corps. A hurried line of battle was formed immediately to the left of the road, Carpenter's Battery moving to take position on the extreme left and there becoming hotly engaged, at short range.

Discovering a movement of the enemy to turn our flank we sent one section quickly to our left and rear, and went into action attempting to check their advance, but without avail. We were sorely pressed at that time, and had the enemy known his great advantage, and had not night, that timely friend of distressed armies, set in, the whole of Johnson's Division might have been captured or destroyed. Then we moved on to Mine Run fighting there the tight little battle of that name, when the enemy withdrew to the north side of the Rappahannock, which ended that very active campaign. In the Payne farm engagement the loss in our battery was 7 wounded ; and at Mine Run 2 wounded. Then being shifted from place to place, we next moved on to Vidiersville, again on the picket line, where we enjoyed a restful time of probably three weeks' duration, when we were ordered to Frederick's Hall, on the then Virginia Central Railroad, to go into winter quarters, for our first session of that sort since the war began.

The most unusual thing occurring at that time to break the monotony of camp life was the daring attempt of Dahlgreen to capture Richmond, he

passing so near to our camp that two pieces of our battery, with a body of skirmishers, were put in motion to intercept him ; which we failed to accomplish, because of the greater celerity of his movement, his command consisting entirely of cavalry And so escaping us he continued his march until he ran so terribly amuck not far from Richmond, where he was killed and the greater part of his picked officers and men were either also killed or captured.

CHAPTER XIV

LEE AND GRANT IN DEATH GRAPPLE.

Our next move forward was to meet another "On to Richmond" commanded by the redoubtable General Grant, the most famous and most successful of all the Union army commanders in-chief, and who then led the numerically greatest army ever mustered together on American soil. General Lee's army, the greatest fighting aggregation the world had ever known, was thrown in front of Grant, at the Wilderness, and vastly outgeneraled and outfought him continuously from that point on until his plans were finally abandoned for his march to the south side of the James River, to lay siege to Petersburg, with his overwhelming forces, the prowess of which Lee had so effectually baffled, in all their battles. In the Wilderness encounter our battery had very little opportunity to exploit itself, the so appropriately named wilderness of woods and underbrush preventing any artillery from securing fighting positions, though on reaching Spottsylvania Courthouse, in that memorable racing of the two armies for vantage ground at that point, we had position, on the morning of the 12th, immediately in rear of the Bloody Angle, after the capture of General Johnson's Division, where we were fiercely engaged almost the entire day. Our loss there was 1 killed and 9 wounded.

After that desperate and most signally unsuccessful endeavor on his part General Grant made another fruitless attempt to dislodge General Lee at Hanover Courthouse, and was there again repulsed. Again, at Pole Green church, and yet again at Cold Harbor he was badly worsted. His frightful at-

tack upon our lines at Cold Harbor, it is said, cost the sacrifice of more lives in a couple of hours than had ever before been known. When he had been hopelessly beaten back there his losses from the Wilderness to that place, inclusive, have been placed at 100,000, which he himself, in his biographical memoirs, justifies as a matter of necessity to reduce the Confederate army, on the ground that it could not recover its losses while the Union army could amply recruit from its vast citizenship of the North and that of the whole world.

It certainly was highly creditable to that most sagacious and determined General to know and to say from the beginning that it was a mere matter of attrition, and that only by overwhelmingly outnumbering us could they ever hope to conquer the South. In this great and generous compliment to the Southern soldier, General Grant first gave evidence of his fine magnanimity, which in the end, at Appomattox, so conspicuously shone in his kindly treatment of General Lee and our overpowered little remnant of an army.

But thus thwarted in every instance, all along that entire and fateful line, from the Wilderness to the crossing of the James River, there was nothing left General Grant but to lay siege to Petersburg, and there keep his hold until the Confederate army was starved and tired out, beyond recovery, or the possibility of defeating him. While he sat about doing that the despicable fire-fiend, General Hunter, was laying waste the beautiful and fruitful Valley of Virginia, and undertaking his threatened capture of Lynchburg, to prevent which General Early, with Jackson's old 2d corps, was sent out to meet and defeat him. That memorable march we made by way of Gordonsville and Charlottesville

with such rapidity and dash as to enable us to rush Hunter's van guard army back from its close proximity to Lynchburg to his main body, and that main body in turn also into precipitate flight on and on through the mountain gaps clean to, and across, the Ohio River.

Accomplishing that, in short order and with no very serious opposition, we headed down the Valley by the way of Lexington to Staunton and Winchester, and again crossed the Potomac River to Frederick City, where we had a superb little victory in routing so effectually General Lew Wallace, at Monocacy whose army we drove for protection into Washington City. Our march then was continued to within sight of Washington where we went into camp and enjoyed our captured provender in a most comforting respite from active duty for a short period. It has been wondered why General Early at that time did not undertake the capture of Washington! It is not in the province of this writing to undertake to solve that problem.

CHAPTER XV

EARLY AND SHERIDAN CLASH.

Recrossing the Potomac at Leesburg we again marched away for the Virginia Valley, and up and down the old familiar places until General Sheridan approached so close that we turned upon him and moved upon Charles Town and Opequon Creek. Meeting a body of the enemy at Wade's depot, General Early directed Carpenter's Battery to dislodge it, but they having the better of us in guns (6 to our 4) and exhibiting on that occasion unusual and remarkable gunnery, in very short order three of our guns were battered into uselessness, by that ably handled battery. One of these disabled guns, a 12-pound Napoleon, was struck in the muzzle by a solid shot, and flared out like a trumpet; a 3-inch rifle axle was broken in two and the third, a rifled steel gun, was choked with a cap shell, all of which put us entirely at the mercy of our relentless foes, we being left with only one fighting gun to contend against their six, which were so well doing their deadly work. While endeavoring to make one good and effective gun out of the two disabled, and trying to get the third unchoked the fire against us was so desolating that in a little while our one gun, which had been so valiantly battling against such fearful odds, had been almost destroyed by the bursting of a shell at so vital a place as to dismantle it, killing 3 and wounding 3 others of our cannoneers, and leaving not more than two horses to serve each limber or caisson. That frightful duel being so uneven, in our dismantled condition from the start, left us nothing to do but to withdraw, and leave the enemy his well earned field of glory.

In evidence of the savage havoc of that bloody fight between only two opposing batteries in the short time of probably no more than thirty minutes, our battery had been rendered helpless, with about 17 horses killed, 5 men killed outright, and 7 badly wounded, besides others with slight wounds. What a sorrowful day was that for Carpenter's Battery whose glory then and there had its greatest eclipse, on that red day, in that field of death and destruction.

At that time General Sheridan, taking advantage of General Early's scattered forces, had determined, it would seem, upon crushing us in detail, before the latter could concentrate for defense. A clash occurred on the Berryville road, below Winchester, which was precipitated by our Captain John Carpenter, who, upon discovering the close approach of the enemy a short distance below where the main fight had occurred, upon his own initiative unlimbered and began firing with telling effect. That action brought our whole artillery battalion into line in battle, which checked the enemy's dashing forward movement until our infantry of Rhodes's division could get into position. Carpenter's Battery went into that action about 9 o'clock in the morning, and was engaged continuously from then until nightfall, being replenished with ammunition from an ordnance wagon sent upon the field for that purpose, and again from another battery alongside while in position. In that field we changed position frequently during the day, going over its several parts. At one time, while on the left and some distance advanced to the front with our Napoleon section of two guns, the numerical strength of the company having been so reduced by casualties as to render it necessary to send the other section to the

rear, we were charged by cavalry, which produced fearful destruction of life and disabling; more particularly of the enemy. They had emerged from a gorge, or hollow, between the hills unobserved and began their charge upon us at about 600 yards distance, being formed into close column of companies, and were of right adjustment for our canister fusillade, which was poured into them most effectually, thinning their ranks very decidedly, but without thwarting their purpose. On they came gamely, grimly, and swiftly, while our only alternative was to give them repeated, double doses of canister, or be captured or killed. When they were within twenty paces of our guns we hurled a charge of canister at them with deafening roar and that half gallon of ounce balls crashing and tearing through their ranks with telling effect threw them into momentary confusion, but they could not and dared not halt, as that would have meant more certain destruction, and so on they dashed pouring in amongst our cannoneers, pell-mell, when surrender on our part seemed inevitable, but the great momentum they had acquired in that mad rush, made it impossible for them to stop, their front ranks passing on through or by us and their ranks following. The moment they were passed another round of timely shots from our still smoking guns in addition to the scattering blows we had dealt them from hand spikes and sponge staffs during their quick passage through our battery were ready and most potent persuaders to keep them going. But almost simultaneously with the loud, clear command of our undaunted captain, "Load with canister, and fire to the rear," came also the stentorian voice of that Yankee colonel, "Halt! About face,—charge!" and charge they did, too, with the

most reckless intrepidity, just as our guns flew around to the rear, and the limbers and caissons flew out of the way, while our last charge of canister was rammed into place. At that critically breathless moment the Yankee colonel cried out again, "Forward, charge!" Starting only a hundred yards or less away and plunging on with the speed of the wind and the impetuosity of a stampeded herd of wild buffalos, to break through our cannoneers again, or slay us all, to regain their command, the opportune moment had arrived for our deadly execution. In quicker time than it can be told, our captain having shouted "Fire!" at the belching of our guns those heroic cavalrymen quailed and fell into confusion. That death blow had parted their ranks into two columns, which hastily passed us, the one on our right and the other on our left, to seek safety in retreat upon their main lines which they had so recently and so bravely parted from to make that splendid but disastrous charge upon Carpenter's Battery. That, indeed, was a superb and noble charge of a squadron of cavalry, and the defense of that battery by its veteran officers and men was equally as glorious. At the ending of that frightful onslaught, those who were left of those brave cavalrymen seemed to be glad enough to get away alive and still mounted, and probably no less glad and happy were we to rid ourselves of their unfriendly presence. Had our visitors known that that terrible volley of canister had exhausted our ammunition, in all likelihood they would have taken us and our guns along with them, but at that most lucky moment our means of escape to the rear was clear, and we too made for a safer place with equal alacrity. However, we were soon again replenished with an ample

supply of ammunition and went into action in various positions, being constantly engaged until late in the evening, when Sheridan's whole army made a concerted attack, and thundering down upon us in all directions, with such overwhelming numbers as to make necessary that heart-breaking retreat of the whole army under General Jubal Early. After the capture of many pieces of our artillery and artillerymen, and large numbers of the infantry, our retreat became a panic and complete rout. As Carpenter's Battery had fired the first guns of that battle, as stated, by the initiative of our captain, it is likewise true that we fired in that disastrous stampede the last guns that were ever fired below Winchester during the continuance of the war, by our forces. The cost to the enemy of our deadly work on that occasion must have been very great, while to our battery alone it was unprecedented, 11 men being killed outright on the field and 20 being badly wounded and sent to the hospital in Winchester, while many others were slightly wounded. Our loss in horses killed and abandoned was not less than 20. We retreated hurriedly and incontinently up that old Valley that had witnessed so many of our glorious victories under Stonewall Jackson's magnificent and incomprehensibly fine leadership, with Sheridan's army in close pursuit, which in all truth was not so discreditable to General Early, as beyond any question of doubt Sheridan with his immensely superior force and superbly equipped cavalry, ought to have captured or slain in those open plains every mother's son of us and have gotten all of our equipage. At Fisher's Hill we were again formed into battle line, but our emaciated and exhausted condition rendered it impossible for us to retrieve our lost fortune. Therefore,

after a short and desperate attempt at resistance, we were compelled to abandon that position also, and continue the retreat on up the Valley. Carpenter's Battery had occupied a high wooded hill to the left of both the Valley pike and the railroad, with Battle's Alabama Brigade on its right and Nichols' Louisiana Brigade on its left, and that was the rallying point for our army which position General Early had ordered to be held at all hazards. But soon the Louisiana Brigade gave way and had vanished, while a little later the Alabama Brigade also quit the field, and our battery at that juncture being almost surrounded, and about to be pounced upon, ceased firing, and we too had to fly to the rear with only time enough left to save ourselves, partly, our guns, caissons, horses, and everything else being captured. After doing its whole duty there, our battery loss was 1 man killed, 5 wounded, and 27 missing. Continuing our retreat up the Valley to New Market we there again made show of battle, contesting doggedly every foot of the way for several miles in good order until we reached Brown's Gap, where reinforcements awaited us, and where one of King's batteries which had been quartered at Staunton was given to Captain Carpenter to replace our loss at Fisher's Hill. From Brown's Gap, with his small reinforcement General Early sauntered forth to find the enemy again. That being soon accomplished a brisk skirmish ensued, in which we had an opportunity to test the metal of our new guns and thus Sheridan's army was started on the back track down the Valley, we following him with due elation of spirits, though we failed to bring him to bay until we reached again that fateful Fisher's Hill. Here Captain Carpenter was again wounded, as was his usual custom, on

any favorable occasion. General Sheridan then having fallen back to Cedar Creek went into camp there, with a feeling, it is supposed, of absolute security for his army When that had been comparatively confirmed to General Sheridan it was then that General Gordon, being placed in command temporarily of Early's army, moved our infantry in single file by stealth over tangled pathways to the left flank of the unsuspecting enemy before day dawn and completely routed the entire force, capturing everything of their whole equipment in one of the most signal and conclusive victories of the war ; and which he most undoubtedly would have converted into final utter destruction, or most disastrous routing of Sheridan's reserve forces, as well, had he been permitted to gather the full fruitage of his splendid morning victory But General Early resuming command at about 9 o'clock that morning, deemed the victory complete and final as it then so surely appeared to be, and, so, halting his army and declining to push our victorious forces forward under the inspiration of the valorous exploits of the earlier hours of that day he thus afforded General Sheridan the only opportunity he could have had to retrieve the day at the head of heavy reinforcements, who seeing our hesitation and indecision at that critical moment rushed upon us in our inexcusable inaction of halting to pillage the camps during which frightful accident of war we were again defeated, and ignominiously put to flight by a badly whipped army, being therein more incurably crippled than ever before.

In that battle our battery lost 1 killed, several wounded, and a number captured, among the latter being one of our officers, Lieutenant Wm. T Lambie, who was then in command. We also lost two pieces of artillery and their caissons and horses.

What a woeful catastrophe was that! And how easily it could have been avoided. Had General Early pushed on after Sheridan's routed army, in its panic-stricken condition, its continued flight would so have demoralized his reserves, and Sheridan himself, as to have made a far different story of "The Ride of Sheridan" and of the fame of that accidentally famous General. But he was permitted to give that crushing blow to our hitherto victorious little army of the Valley, and our hearts were well nigh broken in that sad and accidental Sheridan victory Made thus again to flee up the Valley so involuntarily our next halt for battle was at Waynesboro. There after a short respite in the fighting we were again attacked and this time Carpenter's Battery lost its two remaining guns, clearly thus evidencing that there was no battle of that army in which this battery was not well to the front, and there doing its whole duty. After that we were marched to Richmond hurriedly, and on down the James River, to the south side, to Drury's Bluff, to man, for a short time, a stationary battery, until a field battery could be again procured for us, which was about the last of February, 1865.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE ROLE OF NEEDLE ARTIST.

Here I will ask again to be pardoned for relating a little more personal experience, this incident having prominent lodgment in my memory. While encamped at the Half-way house, occupying an old vacant store, or station, between Richmond and Petersburg, I was invited to call upon some charming young ladies, in return for the small courtesy shown them of shelter from the rain while they awaited a train to Richmond, but having no white store collar for my one well worn old gray hunting shirt, and being unable to procure one for love or money, the only alternative was for me to make that essential full dress equipment. This I proceeded to do, finding for the purpose a small piece of white muslin, and I acquitted myself so satisfactorily to myself in its accomplishment, and was so proud of the unique pattern and stitching of that particular work of art, nothing would do but for me to preserve, and some months later, show that dainty, dandy collar to my mother, an accomplished needle lady, who at once declared it to have been done in a most artistic manner and highly creditable to the designer and fabricator. And, O my friends, what is so incontrovertibly so as the say so of one's own dear mother? So we had to substitute a common, coarse muslin, of the most inferior quality for linen ; and the Confederate soldier's sewing and stitching for the fine old home work of the ante-bellum days of our good mothers, our sisters, and our cousins and our aunts. But if any one of those sweet girls we visited, with that collar a dominant feature of apparel, detected the slightest difference between that alleged collar

and the genuine factory built article, no hint or insinuation thereof escaped her, or was observed by myself ; and so, to this remote day, I am still hugging my pride that I made for myself "enduring the war," under the inspiration of that prospective visit to those lovable girls, a beautiful and refined collar, which made me presentable and *persona grata* to them, and eligible in general for such an occasion. Oh, would I had that collar now ! Nothing, I am certain, ever preceded or succeeded that collar at all like, or comparable to it. And my ! what a treat it was, at that late day of that interminable war for the soldier boy to enjoy the privilege of visiting the beautiful and heart-loyal daughters of Dixie ! On my part such visits could be outnumbered by the fingers on one of my hands. In short and in fact to even see a pretty girl at that time of enforced and prolonged separation from all female society was simply to fall heels over head in love with her there and then ; and the soldier's everlasting adoration and constancy would never let go until he saw the next girl, the next time at the next place, be that early or late.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.

After leaving that Half-way house encampment we did from that time onward much moving about, and some lesser fighting until late in March, when we were ordered to report to General Pickett at Five Forks, and Bloody Lane, near Dinwiddie Courthouse, to take part in the battle of Five Forks. There our Lieutenant Early, formerly of Raines's Battery, who had been assigned to the command of Carpenter's Battery, no one of the latter's commissioned officers being present on account of death or wounds, was killed, and a number were wounded. Many of our cannoneers were there captured, and all our guns yet again fell into the hands of the enemy, our battery at that time being commanded by Corporal John Willey who with a few cannoneers made escape to the scattered fragment of General Lee's army, which had so heroically kept its brave thin lines together in that harassed retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, where the exigencies of war compelled us to surrender with desolate hearts, but with spirits still aflame with the memories of our well sustained deeds of valor in that long service, opposed to numbers impossible for us to hold out against any longer with any hope of final success. And thus must end this brief, incomplete history of Carpenter's Battery, formerly the Alleghany Roughs, which evidences for the company a most active and brilliant career as a volunteer company of the Stonewall Brigade, of the Second Corps, of the Army of Northern Virginia, from the first battle of Manassas to the Appomattox termination of that four years of privation, starvation, and des-

olation, from April 20th, 1861, to April 9th, 1865, a period of four years, less eleven days, in the innumerable battles of which it sustained a loss of 46 men and officers killed outright and of more than one hundred wounded.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SAD JOURNEY HOME.

But before finally closing these pages the author will again be personal in the narrative of his homeward march when all was over and the great tragedy had closed forever.

While General Lee's little worn to a frazzle army was being mobilized to surrender to General Grant, I chose to decamp from Appomattox station on a freight train for Lynchburg, hoping to be able from the latter place to make my way to Johnson's army, but the call at Lynchburg for volunteers to defend that city induced me to seek attachment to the artillery service there, but instead of being placed in that, I was asked to take charge of an ambulance corps which was sent to the front to care for the wounded and sick in the event of attack upon the town. In the woods and all over the old fields at a distance could be seen bodies of the enemy's cavalry, maneuvering as if to pounce upon us at any moment, but in very short order we were notified, in all parts of the field, to assemble on the heights in the city, on doing which General Nelson, there in command, proclaimed his intention to surrender the little army present, stating that as General Lee's surrender was then a matter of fact it would be useless shedding of blood and would accomplish nothing desirable for us to continue the defence of Lynchburg. He therefore advised us all to consent to surrender, also. However, said he, if any of you whose homes are near by or are accessible to you, desire to break ranks and go to your homes, you are at liberty to avail yourselves of that privilege. Thereupon, seeing that all was lost and

hopeless, I left that untenable place, and made for the mountain fastnesses of Craig County, and was there sheltered and cared for by the kind and gracious household of a good, loyal aunt who was at that time rejoicing over the return of a son, my cousin, who was one of the original members of the Alleghany Roughs, and of Carpenter's Battery, and who had continued in active and exemplary service in the company until disabled at Malvern Hill, from overexertion at his gun, in that terrible encounter of the hosts of McClellan, in the awful artillery duel of that field. Remaining at that hospitable home for about a week's relaxation and recuperation I then elected to foot it homeward to join the dear ones from whom I had been so long absent in the exactions of relentless warfare. It must be remembered, too, that those eager, dear ones had heard no tidings of me since the surrender, except to learn from a sergeant of a battery in our battalion, that he had seen me, a day or two before the surrender, riding right into the front of the enemy, and could but believe that I had been either killed or captured. How confirmatory of their fears did that story appear inasmuch as not a word had been heard from me personally, or through any other source? That kind of surmising and conjecturing was far too frequently indulged in at a time like that, and in this case the shock it produced was a dreadful blow to my dear mother and to the others of our household,—my father and sister. Nor did they recover from that depression of mind and heart until I appeared in person to them, just one month later, at their home fireside in Ashland. And what a memorable meeting was that to me and to them! Through that sergeant's unwarranted statement, and having heard nothing

from me personally, they had mourned me as dead, and my sudden, unheralded presence amongst them at such a time was another shock to them all. But this was quickly and joyfully succeeded by salutations and felicitations ending at once their lamentation and former despair, making that reunion a time and place to be remembered and revered to life's latest day, by that little group of happy participants.

CHAPTER XIX.

A HARD MONEY STORY.

And not forgetting the hungry, fatiguing, torturing route, of nearly 500 miles, of that march from my aunt's to my home in Ashland, induces me to relate an incident which occurred en route that may have some interest for some reader of these pages, if I can ever persuade any one to read them up to this finishing point. About dusk on a wet, raw day, arriving at a country inn, much out of sorts and fearing still worse indisposition if I should sleep out in the rain that forbidding night, impelled me to ask the landlord if he would accommodate me with lodging somewhere in the house. This request being made after my confirming to him the startling news he had just received of the surrender of General Lee, thereupon he gently reminded me that thereby Confederate money was invalidated, and that I would have to pay him in *hard* money, as he and all his mountain neighbors in those days termed gold and silver. Instantly I conjectured that I was dealing with a sordid biped of a man, and I consented to trick the old commercial hottentot, who would exact so great a hardship of a poor, worn out, distressed and weary soldier, at such a time, so it flashed upon me to exhibit a Mexican silver dollar, which my loving aunt had graciously given me at our parting in her mountain home, with the admonition that I might need it in my long, arduous march homeward. Producing that and saying I would pay him "hard" money, I was in due course provided for, and really had a night in bed, and was served early in the morning a breakfast vastly superior to a Stonewall Jackson

breakfast, consisting of some grease and a little corn bread. And now for a settlement of that board bill with his pigship the inn-keeper. Handing him a two dollar Confederate bill from my old somewhat pantaloons I thrust it toward him. With a look of scorn and indignation he exclaimed, Sir, you promised to pay me in hard money ! My friend, said I, if that is not *hard* money I do not know what hard money is ; and looking as fiercely as I could, with my helpful companion of a double-barreled shot gun, at a sort of present arms, he seemed to be convinced that it was hard money and proceeded to give me some change, in the shin-plaster scrip of that day and generation, which was also hard money ; quite as hard as the genuine Confederate kind with the *bona fide* promise to pay the bearer six months after the ratification of the treaty of peace between the Confederate States of America and the United States of America. This hard money joke perpetrated on the old man I have often thought of sending to some respectable publication with a joke-smith column for the edification of the public, but this is its first appearance in print.

Those were rugged, disjointed, and most unhappy times, but it may be said in all truth they were the proudest and most glorious days of all his days for the true Confederate soldier

CHAPTER XX.

WORK FOR FUTURE HISTORIAN.

There could be truthfully recorded here many interesting and splendid personal deeds of the heroic type performed by the officers and men of Carpenter's Battery, but this should be done by some less partial and non-participating historian, while we members of this already highly honored and widely known battery should be well satisfied with the knowledge that our whole duty was done from first to last and that proud memories remain with us, and will sustain us until we too have all crossed over the river to our final rest, with our immortal leader

STONEWALL JACKSON!

Peerless, invincible, splendid and glorious;
The Prince of earth's warriors great,
Whom to have served with, in fields so victorious,
Is glory enough to elate
The soul of the soldier who valiantly fought,
Where the prowess and daring and vim
Of his glorified Captain such victories wrought,
Which also so glorify him
Who shared in the name and the fame that was made
By the battle-scarred, war-renowned Stonewall Brigade.

He lived with the chaplet ablaze on his brow;
He died 'neath the splendor of fame;
Yet he lives in the hearts of his countrymen now,
With reverenced and immortal name;
While his was the blessedness not to have known
The cause he so loved had been lost;
Whose battles by him were so brilliantly won,
'Till over the river he crossed,
To rest evermore 'neath the shade of the trees,
Where glory eternal his life shall appease.

How blest was the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia to have had such leaders as Lee and Jackson, Hill, Gordon and their like, in some others, but these great soldiers had as followers in the ranks soldiers who did as much for their fame and honor, as did their own innate greatness of soul and mind, while for both, officer and man, the righteous cause for which they fought uplifted their manhood beyond the ordinary soldier, and fitted them for monuments of time and immortality

CHAPTER XXI.

ORIGINAL ROLL AND CASUALTIES.

The following is a list of the *original* company—the Alleghany Roughs—which became later, and remained to the end of the war, Carpenter's Battery; organized at Covington, Virginia, April 20th, 1861, as follows:

ORIGINAL ROSTER.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.
Thompson McAllister,	Captain,	49 years.
Joseph Carpenter,	1st Lieutenant,	— years.
George McKendree,	2d Lieutenant,	27 years.
H. H. Dunott,	3d Lieutenant,	28 years.
Anthony, Robt. I.	1st Sergeant,	18 years.
Alford, Marion	Private,	23 years.
Bacon, Stephen W P	Private,	18 years.
Baker, James T.	Private,	22 years.
Bancker, Van R.	Private,	22 years.
Branham, James W	Private,	26 years.
Baggage, Wm. W.	Private,	20 years.
Byrd, George	Private,	21 years.
Boswell, Joseph M.	Private,	27 years.
Canty, Patrick	Private,	31 years.
Carpenter, John C.	Private,	22 years.
Carpenter, S. S.	Corporal,	19 years.
Clark, James P.	Private,	18 years.
Corr, Patrick	Private,	23 years.
Dickey, L. T.	3d Sergeant,	26 years.
Dressler, Joseph S.	Private,	23 years.
Foster, Hopkins B.	Private,	20 years.
Fonerden, Clarence A.	Private,	20 years.
Fudge, Wm. C.	Private,	24 years.
Fudge, Joseph T.	Private,	21 years.
Glenn, James	Private,	41 years.
Grady, James	Private,	27 years.
Hastings, Thomas	Private,	23 years.
Hammond, James	Corporal,	20 years.
Holmes, James P	Private,	21 years.
Hite, Wm. B.	Private,	21 years.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.
Humphries, William	Private,	23 years.
Jordan, Chas. O.	Sergeant,	21 years.
Jordan, Edward W	Private,	26 years.
Jones, Peter	Private,	19 years.
Jordan, James A.	Private,	— years.
Karnes, Benami	Sergeant,	24 years.
Karnes, Patrick	Private,	25 years.
Karnes, John	Private,	21 years.
Karnes, Francis L.	Private,	27 years.
King, John	Private,	21 years.
Kimberlin, Joseph	Private,	24 years.
Knight, John M.	Private,	21 years.
Kupp, B. H.	Private,	28 years.
Low, Samuel	Private,	22 years.
Lambie, Wm. T.	Private,	23 years.
Lafferty, Charles	Private,	30 years.
Lampkins, John	Private,	35 years.
Moran, William	Private,	23 years.
Montague, Robert	Private,	19 years.
Matheny, John W	Private,	22 years.
Milligan, John	Private,	21 years.
Murrell, Wm. M.	Private,	20 years.
McAllister, Wm. M.	Private,	18 years.
McDonald, Gabriel	Private,	31 years.
McGowan, Andrew	Private,	22 years.
McMahan, Patrick	Private,	28 years.
McKernan, Thomas	Private,	30 years.
McCullough, John	Private,	22 years.
McKnight, George R.	Private,	23 years.
Myers, Jacob L.	Private,	19 years.
Otey, Virginius B.	Private,	21 years.
Pence, Peter M.	Private,	21 years.
Pitzer, Wm. D. W	Private,	21 years.
Quinlin, Michael	Private,	21 years.
Rogers, James A.	Private,	22 years.
Rosser, Thomas W	Private,	19 years.
Rose, James E.	Private,	24 years.
Ray, Henry B.	Private,	26 years.
Read, Alexander	Private,	21 years.
Read, James W	Private,	35 years.
Riley, James M. C.	Private,	31 years.
Rixey, John G.	Sergeant,	30 years.

NAME.	RANK.	AGE.
Sawyers, John	Private,	24 years.
Scott, Kyle C.	Private,	22 years.
Stewart, John W.	Private,	19 years.
Stewart, Benjamin P.	Private,	27 years.
Steele, William	Private,	27 years.
Smith, John	Private,	30 years.
Smith, Patrick	Private,	40 years.
Thompson, I. H.	Corporal,	22 years.
Vowells, Philip D.	Corporal,	35 years.

The recruits added to the above original list from time to time during the war, as nearly as may be remembered, or collected from any source procurable at this remote date, are as follows :

J. M. Carpenter, J. H. A. Boswell, George Crawford, Thomas M. Jordan, Samuel Matheny, Archibald A. Fudge, James P Payne, Charles S. J Skeen, Tedford A. Sively and C. C. Via, from Alleghany County, Va.

William S. Arey, George F. Arey, Benjamin Caricoff, Samuel M. Woodward, Thomas D. Woodward, Booker Hunter, and Chesley Woodward, from Augusta County, Va.

W Barnes, from Nelson County, Va.

F. W Figgatt, J. F. Lotts, James Leopard, J. M. Mackay, Reuben L. Martin, James Walker, Wm. J. Winn, and David Syren, from Rockbridge County, Va.

J. Sprecker, S. Sprecker, and J Swindle, from Wythe County, Va.

When the Cutshaw Battery was merged into Carpenter's Battery it embraced the following list : Lieutenant D. R. Barton, J W Willey, Fred Willey, G. A. Williams, J. W Hoffman, W F. Coburn, W J. Miller, E. W Pifer, J M. Wilkinson, H. Ridenour, Fred Ridings, A. W. Staff, W W Reid, W

F. Hicks, A. McCarty, George Keeler, Daniel W. Kline, Charles Kaiser, James Beeler, L. P Blake, Joseph Cooley, M. Clemm, A. Ridenour, T. T Hite, George E. Everett, John McCarty, W J. V Jones, H. Lauck, A. J Barrow, W S. Bradford, J. W Edmondson, Joseph Manne, W W Dempsey, Joseph Allemong, James C. Reid, Samuel Matheney, R. N St. John, William St. John and —— Fitzgerald.

It will thus appear that the total enrollment of Carpenter's Battery from first to last was about 150 men, 46 of whom were killed in battle, while the wounded, if we are to include those who were hurt upon the field more than once, would more than consume the entire enrollment. In twenty-five of our battles we have a list of 124 wounded, not including the killed.

At the first battle of Manassas our killed numbered 6 ; 2d battle Manassas, 1 ; Kelley's Ford, 1 ; 1st Winchester, 2 ; 2d, 1 ; 3d, 11 ; Cedar Creek, 1 ; Cedar Mountain, 1 ; 1st Fredericksburg, 3 ; 2d, 1 ; Fisher's Hill, 1 ; Spottsylvania, 1 ; Wade's Depot, 5 ; Gettysburg, 8 ; Malvern Hill, 2 ; Five Forks, 1 ; totaling 46.

After the first battle of Manassas, on August 8th, 1861, on the reorganization of the commissioned officers, this second status was :

Joseph Carpenter, captain ; John C. Carpenter, 1st lieutenant ; George McKendree, 2d lieutenant ; Wm. T. Lambie, 2d lieutenant, Jr.

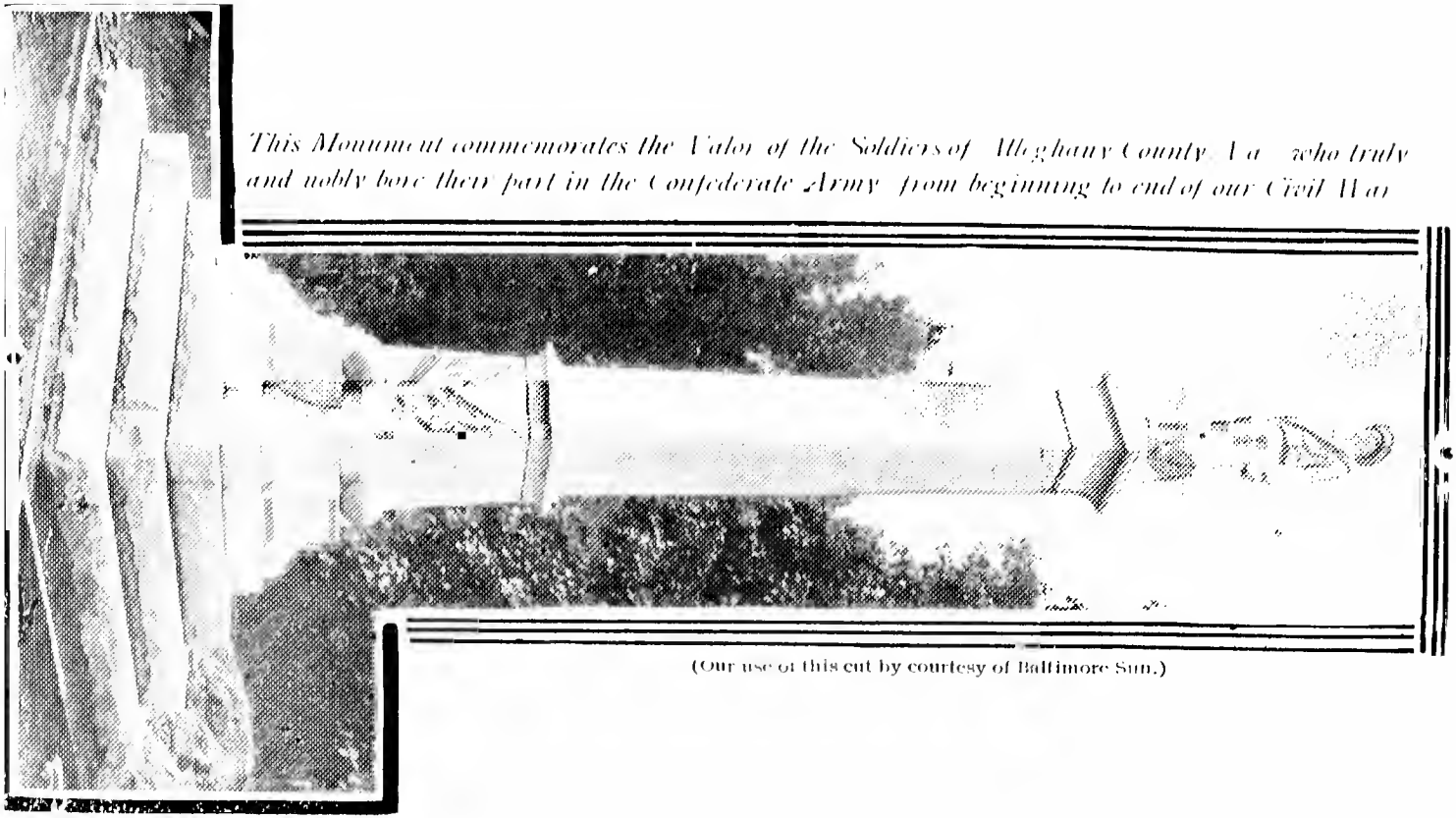
Later, the third status was :

John C. Carpenter, captain ; Wm. T. Lambie, 1st lieutenant ; S. S. Carpenter, 2d lieutenant ; Chas. O. Jordan, 2d lieutenant, Jr.

Additional to this two other lieutenants were as-

signed to the battery, Lieutenant D. R. Barton, from the Cutshaw Battery, who was killed at Fredericksburg, and Lieutenant Early of Raines's Battery, who was killed at Five Forks.

This brief and altogether inadequate history of Carpenter's Battery is written a little less than fifty years after the first battle of Manassas, and so few of its old members are left, and these few are, for the greater part, so far separated from each other, as to make it impossible to obtain the proper data for anything like a true and correctly elaborated account of the activity of a company, which saw such constant work as a whole and individually, as did this battery. Inadequate as it is, it is submitted to the sons and daughters and other generations of the brave and heroic men who made it a history honoring and ennobling not alone themselves as participants but their devoted descendants as well to the end of time, in whose respect and remembrance we now leave them reverentially without fear and without reproach.



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CHAPTER XXII.

MANASSAS PEACE JUBILEE.

On July 21st, 1911, was commemorated the Fiftieth Anniversary of the first battle of Manassas on identically the same old sunbaked field where the tragedies of July 21st, 1861, were enacted, in all the savage ferocity of that sanguinary collision of the Blne and the Gray in relentless, pitiless war. At this latter meeting of those erstwhile foes of 1861 whose enmity held together for four almost interminable years, was commemorated a Peace Jubilee so harmonious and commendable as to make it worthy of record in this history, where some of its occurrences may be contrasted with those of the scenes and acts of that death dealing time of fifty years ago, which are prominently featured on previous pages.

At that first meeting there were probably, in the five regiments constituting the Stonewall Brigade, 3,000 of us to give a warm reception to the boys in Blue, while at this last meeting there were only three of us present, as far as we could ascertain, to welcome our friends of the North. The truth of it is, the old boys of the old Stonewall Brigade in very large part have passed over the river, while the comparatively few that are left are scattered to all points of the compass, at remote distances. On the last and most important day of this celebration a great concourse of people assembled, consisting, for the greater part, of country people from the neighboring villages and counties for many miles around and about, who came in all conceivable manner of vehicles, from the automobile, carriage, and buggy, to the common road wagon and

cart, which conveyed probably 2,000 or 2,500 of these visitors. The number of old soldiers was comparatively small, embracing, we think, not more than 200 Confederates and 100 Federals. But despite these sparce numbers of the Blue and the Gray, the meeting was a great and good one, rife as it was with such fraternal good will, and every manifestation of warmth of friendship between them, and evidencing, as it did, such enthusiastic enjoyment upon the part of all.

In numbering the old boys in Blue at 100, we must not omit to mention that there were present, also, a large troop of regular United States Cavalry, whose fine drilling and maneuvering so graced the occasion and so greatly enhanced its enjoyment. Their present status of wonderful acquirements makes their performances an entertainment equaling that of the modern circus, as to the training and intelligence of their horses. The riding is truly superb, and its present day attainments make the horse and his rider a true counterpart of the veritable centaur.

On the morning of the 21st, all who had assembled at Manassas previously and those who then arrived, had to be conveyed to the battlefield, five or six miles distant, by carriages, hacks, or other vehicles, and the sticky red dust of the drought-dried roads forcibly reminded us of the 1861 period of that particular time in that particular matter of dust and grime. Another similarity of the old time trial and torments was that of the burning, withering heat of the sun, which again made that field almost unendurable to the sweltering mass of celebrants.

Again, too, the pressing need and scarcity of water reinstated the old condition of distress in that appalling deprivation. And yet again, later in the

day there burst upon those old plains, very suddenly, an electric storm, the lightning and thunder of which were vivid reminders and picturings of the fury and storm of the blazing and booming artillery of the old day But while in those few instances the two July days, of an interval of fifty years, bore close resemblance, each to the other in some other ways, the dissimilarity was very marked.

For example, amply numerous banqueting tables were spread, to the proverbially groaning point, with finely prepared and most palatable victuals, all of which were in superabundance and of epicurean quality, served by ladies whose understanding of their office gave grace and piquancy to that function, to the delight and satisfaction of all partakers of that fine feast. Had the old Stonewall Brigade collided with that beautiful banquet, sore and hungry as they were just fifty years ago, it would have required no command, to put on your appetites and charge, boys, from old Jack, to have begotten a descent upon those tables which would have killed or captured every mouthful of bread and meat or sip of coffee, leaving not a morsel of all that provender to tell the tale of utter annihilation.

Who can imagine a picture any more replete with the tranquillity and joyousness of Peace than that of the Blue and the Gray banqueting together in the good cheer and brotherly love that belongs therewith! The salient feature of the occasion, however, was the hand-grasp of fraternal welcome, of good will, and true reciprocity of kindliness between the Blue and the Gray of that great day Both participants, in that cordial clasping of hands, and the spectator having any proper understanding of its true meaning, must have been deeply im-

pressed with the solemnity and importance of it, pregnant as it was with deep and far reaching significance of a true peace and unity of North, South, East and West into one grand central whole of inseparable and perpetual brotherly love.

To the northward into line assembled the Blue, and southward into line the Gray which formation was photographed by the official photographer of the Peace Jubilee, into a picture of much historic interest and value to whom it may concern. When the picture was finished, and the camera withdrawn, the Blue and the Gray lines forwarded upon each other, to within hand-clasping distance, and warmly saluted, man to man, in that way of fraternal greeting that only true friends and earnest votaries of peace and harmony feel and know. Of both these functions—the banqueting and the hand-shaking—it may be said, they were interesting, commendable, and most beautifully accomplished; and we of the Gray hope our brethren of the Blue enjoyed them equally with ourselves.

To other enjoyable features was added that of the fine speaking of orators on both sides, who were duly appointed to that office, and who acquitted themselves with the unstinted applause and approval of the assembled hosts.

Near the conclusion of the ceremonies out on the field a pouring rain fell upou that parched and red-hot place, in perfect torrents, which must have wet to the soaking point many of the visitors, there being no adequate shelter, or protection for the people. Yet that was a most welcome and delightful downpour, the drought having been of such long duration, and so ruinous to the farm and gardeu vegetation of that section, rendering too its dust almost unbearable, or certainly very discom-

forting to whoever had to breathe or battle with it. When the rain had about ceased the scurrying back to Manassas began, very quickly giving evidence of the incapacity of conveyance accommodation, although all who desired to do so probably did get back in time to hear the fine and particularly appropriate speech of President Taft, full of promise and peace, and the timely setting forth of facts in accord with the Peace Jubilee and Reunion spirit of that auspicious day His oration was especially felicitous in the expression of his appreciation of the old soldier, Union and Confederate alike, which won for him their equal admiration. There were, also, other speeches of welcome and salutation, filled to the brim with witticisms and eloquence, most creditable to their authors, which entertainment was held on the Court House square.

The night before, at the same place, was gathered a large audience to witness a fine and beautiful tableau drill, executed by the pretty, graceful girls of Manassas, who certainly did that program number with great credit to themselves, and being rewarded with the unanimous praise and admiration of that large assembly After that came the fine, five minute camp fire speeches, by local and abroad orators, who did justice to the occasion and proved themselves rich and felicitous entertainers in army life jokes and witticisms, which never fail to produce highly pleasing and edifying effects, when perpetrated by the Hail Fellow well met at such a time and place.

I wish time and space would admit of the embellishment of these pages with a goodly portion of the funny and interesting anecdotes and facetiae of that series of speeches and talks, but they must be regretfully omitted. The Blue speakers, I think,

outnumbered the Gray, and what they said, and the manner of saying it, made a fine impression, and begot for themselves the good will of all.

Of Manassas it may be said, she was in her glory, and was gloriously attired, being emblazoned with innumerable banners, bunting, and festoonings of all bright colors, the charming effect of which made the old town glint and glisten—a thing of beauty and a joy forever !

So taken in parts or as a whole, or all in all that Fiftieth Anniversary of the first Manassas ; its Peace Jubilee and Reunion of the Blue and the Gray was a most enjoyable and creditable celebration.

Let us hope, in estimating so highly its great pleasures, that its resultant good will be far reaching and of never ending endurance !

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